

The second part of

Henry the

And let our army be discharged too,
And, good my lord, so please you, let our traines
March by vs, that we may peruse the men,
VVe should haue coap't withall.

Bishop Go, good Lord Hastings,
And ere they be dismist, let them march by. *enter Westmerland.*

Prince I trust Lords we shall lie to night together;
Now coosin, wherefore stands our army stil?

West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.

Prince They know their duties.

Hastings My lord, our army is disperst already, *enter Hastings*

Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
East, west, north, south, or like a schoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings my lord Hastings, for the which
I do arest thee traitor of high treason,
And you lord Archbishop, and you lord Mowbray,
Of capitall treason I attach you both.

Mowbray Is this proceeding iust and honorable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Bishop will you thus breake your faith?

Prince I pawnde thee none,

I promist you redresse of these same griuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe, with a most christian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taste the due
Meete for rebellion:

Most shallowly did you these armes commence,
Fondly brought heere, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our drummes, pursue the scattred stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treasons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Alarum

Enter Falstaffe

excursions

Fal. whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and
of

of what place?

Cole. I am a Knight sir, and
Dale.

Fal. well then, Colleuile is your
gree, and your place the dale: Co
a traitor your degree, & the dung
enough, so shall you be stil Colleuile.

Colle. Are not you sir Iohn F

Fal. As good a man as he sir,
sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do
of thy louers, and they weepe for
vp feare and trembling, and do o

Colle. I think you are sir Iohn
yeelde me.

Fal. I haue a whole schoole o
and not a tongue of them all spe
name, and I had but a belly of any
the most actiue fellow in Europe
womb vndoes me, heere comes c

Enter Iohn Westmerland, an

Iohn The heate is past, follow
Call in the powers good coosin V
Now Falstaffe, where haue you l
VWhen euery thing is ended, the
These tardy trickes of yours wil c
One time or other breake some g

Fal. I would bee sory my lor
neuer knew yet but Rebuke and
Valor: do you thinke me a swallo
I in my poore and old motion th
haue speeded hither with the ver
lity, I haue foundred nine score a
tainted as I am, haue in my pur
ken sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dal
valorous enemy, : but what of th
that I may iustly say with the h